[ficlet] Human AU: Hollow.

Mar. 27th, 2011 at 4:44 AM

Title: Human AU: Hollow.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: PG.
Warnings: Mentions of angelcest.
Pairings/Characters: Gabriel, Lucifer, Michael, mentions/hints of Raphael/Michael and Lucifer/Michael.
Word Count: 820 words.
Summary: Michael tries something new and Lucifer offers some commentary.
Note: Written for **spn_30snapshots**, with the prompt hollow being used for this one. Seventeen down, thirteen to go!

Also? Don't start reading here. Go here and start with #4, as that's the first story in this collection. You'll be confused otherwise.

Michael, after he's had breakfast, sits down with a pencil and paper and begins to write out what he knows. It's not something he's used to, this 'putting your thoughts in order', but he is beginning to appreciate the limits of his now-human mind.

Gabriel had suggested it over breakfast, after he'd let Michael know that he would be out for the day at work and then taking Lucifer shopping. Michael had thought about it and had nearly decided not to bother with it, but his mind kept straying back to the image of Lucifer praying and he knew he needed to try it.

I am human because Lucifer asked God for

Michael stops, frowning. What had Lucifer asked God for, specifically?

"Lucifer?"

He watches his brother turn away from the sink at the sound of his name and look at him.

"What is it?"

"What specifically did you ask God for?"

Lucifer studies him briefly, frowning. "What does it matter to you?"

"You told us once. Tell me again."

"You've forgotten it, then." Lucifer turns away. "That might be for the best."

"It isn't. Tell me."

"Fine," Lucifer says. "Word for word: For a chance to be warm, to be with family 'as it was in the beginning' and to have a home again. That's all."

Michael transcribes it carefully, frowning.

"A chance to be warm?"

"Do you remember the cold?"

Michael stills, thrust into vivid memory, feeling a chill and remembering how everything was crystal clear, colder than any earthly cold, and how he felt so fragile while in its grip.

"I understand," Michael says after a long minute, because he does understand. He doesn't know how Lucifer withstood that cold for all those years, and he does not envy him for that.

He frowns at himself, and writes on the paper.

I pity Lucifer.

He pauses, and contemplates blasphemy (but he has already committed that sin, drunk as he was -) and he writes.

Perhaps the punishment was too harsh.

He stares at the page, and at his hand, and watches as he writes more, uncertain if he is truly writing this. Uncertain if these thoughts are coming from him.

How is he sane? How is he so calm?

Michael drops the pencil before he can write more. Maybe this wasn't such a good idea, as now...now the thoughts are there, and he cannot shove them aside, and -

He freezes. He can feel Lucifer standing behind him, and he can see Lucifer leaning down to read what he has written. He should be reaching out to stop him, prevent him from reading, but all he can do is watch as Lucifer scans the lines, reaches out and picks up the pencil.

Over Michael's shoulder Lucifer writes:

Given time any being can adapt to a harsh situation. I forgot what warmth was, or buried the memory. I admit that I was weak once more after the excursion to Earth and exposed to the warmth of human flesh. Hence the request.

Lucifer drops the pencil and leans up, but Michael grabs his wrist, reading the lines over again.

"Your flesh is cold," Michael says. He remembers that much. He can feel how unnaturally cold Lucifer's wrist is now.

"It never leaves," Lucifer says. "But it is not so cold as Hell is."

"Then God hasn't fulfilled that condition. You're still cold."

"His interpretation of my words has been both liberal and literal. I suspect that I will warm up the longer I am here, and that I can speed that process by using human methods to warm up. I have a chance to be warm, as I requested."

"Oh."

There's a moment of silence for both of them, before Lucifer rests his hand on Michael's shoulder, still standing behind him.

"I don't understand how you are still sane," Lucifer murmurs. "I saw what Raphael had

become, and I tell you now that you are no longer the warrior I faced on that field so long ago."

"We have all changed, you know this." Michael says, frowning, not looking back up at Lucifer again.

"You have changed more than you think you have...or care to admit."

"Why are you so intent on provoking me?"

"Why is it so easy to provoke you?"

Michael goes quiet, then pushes the pencil off of the paper and rips it up before he stands, disposing of the scraps in the trash bin.

He doesn't answer Lucifer.

Gabriel is walking in the front door when something goes wrong in him. The door closes behind him, and he stares at the jacket he was hanging up, frowning. Has he forgotten something?

He briefly has that sensation of knowing he's forgetting something important, but...he shakes it off. If it's that important it'll come back to him, he's sure of it.

He hangs the jacket up and removes his shoes, and wanders into the kitchen.

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